

DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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A BELATED POETIC TRIBUTE.

All readers are familiar with the famous "Casey at the Bat," and how he struck out at the critical time. Nothing has ever been said of that nameless hero, the pitcher who struck him out. These lines, written by George S. Applegarth, of Pittsburgh, pay belated tribute to the slab artist.

Wienerkraut: The Man Who Struck Out Casey.

'Twas New Year's Eve; the big cafe was bright with Yuletide cheer,
Where flowed the festive T. & J. and fizzed the foaming beer.
Along the broad mahogany a score fans or more
Were fighting o'er the battles of the season gone before.

They talked about the pennant race and how the Pirates' slump
Had put them on the shoot the chute and made 'em bump the bump;
They played again the series of Athletics versus Cubs;
They talked of next year's prospects and the make-up of the clubs;

They argued over batting stars and pitchers known to fame—
And some there were who rooted fair and some who knocked the game.
The players of the leading teams successively were panned;
They told how some should get a raise and others should get canned.

They lauded Cobb and Lajoie for landing on the ball,
They toasted mighty Honus as the greatest of them all;
They cited old time champions and quoted famous plays
And dug up baseball anecdotes of prehistoric days.

And ever as the night wore on and tales succeeded tales
They blithely filled the brimming bowl and quaffed the good wassail,
And health was drunk in lusty draughts to every famous name.
That ever lent its lustre to the nation's favored game.

When suddenly there came a sound from out the sombre gloom
That lurked behind the chimney in the corner of the room,
And presently there shambled forth a stranger long and lean,
Of solemn face and ancient garb and patriarchal mien.

His locks were lank, his beard was dank, his face was seamed and old,
But underneath the shaggy brows his eyes gleamed keen and bold.
He swept them with a piercing glance that made the stoutest quake.
A silence fell upon the throng and thus the stranger spoke—

You gents hez hed your little say about the grand ol' game,
And told about the players that hez earned undyin' fame;
You've boasted of the heroes of the present and the past,
And loaded them with honors from the first one to the last.

But, gentlemen, I beg to state, one name you're leavin' out—
You never yet ain't spoke the name of Jakie Wienerkraut.
What! Never heard of Wienerkraut, the giant of 'em all?
Well, all I got to say is, then you chaps don't know baseball.

If Jakie ever got his dues the name of Wienerkraut
Would rumble down the hall of fame in one eternal shout.
Of course you're all familiar with that celebrated wheeze—
(Why, yes, I don't care if I do—a leetle hardware, please)—

About that famous baseball game in Mudville long ago,
An' how the score stood 2 to 4; one innin' more to go?
You recollect the awful strain that blanched each pallid face
When two mudvillians died at first, then two got safe on base?

An' then—mayhap you may recall—that gosh-all-fired yell
That rumbled in the valley an' rattled in the dell;
That rapped agin' the mountain an' recoiled upon the flat
When Casey, mighty Casey, comes amblin' to the bat?

Well, gents, your humble servant was a factor in that game,
An' if you'll listen—(thanky, yes, a leetle o' the same)—

I'll tell some inside history, as I was sayin', pards.
About the world's most famous game of ball. (Here's my regards).

The tension sure was fierce that day when Casey faced the plate;
Ten thousand eyes were on him and the hour was big with fate.
Now think of what a clean home run for Mudville then would do?
Instead the umpire called "Strike one!" an' then he called "Strike two!"

And then when Bonehead Casey tore loose his awful clout
The air was smashed to bits and mighty Casey had struck out.
But where does Jakie Wienerkraut come in? I hear you say.
Why, Jakie was the pitcher that was on the slab that day.

And where do I come in? you ask. Why, I'm Jakie Wienerkraut.
The man that pitched the ball that struck the mighty Casey out!
"But what—how—why?" arose the cry
But answer came there none—
The great cafe with dawn was gray, the ancient fan was gone.

Then rose they all throughout the hall, in awe each head was bowed,
Their glasses filled, while each was thrilled, nor spoke his thoughts aloud,
But each belated tribute paid to Jakie Wienerkraut,
The man that pitched the ball that struck the mighty Casey out.

BOSTON

December 20, 1910—The birthday of Rev. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, falling on Saturday, no celebration could be conveniently arranged on that day. On Sunday the event was very appropriately celebrated in Boston and Salem, Rev. Mr. Wyand delivering sermons in both places from the text: "This man was instructed in the way of the Lord; and being fervent of spirit he spake and taught diligently of the Lord"—Acts 18: 25. The discourse was listened to with bowed heads. Many of the orators learned for the first time that there were some schools in America, and they were doing things.

On Sunday, December 4th, Holy Communion was celebrated, and it being the Second Anniversary of Rev. Wyand's trial sermon here, the occasion was celebrated by a special collection—possibly the largest lifted—for the purpose of buying a Silver Individual Communion Set. The set will be a pretty one, and will be used for the first time in February. One of our several engravers will engrave an inscription on the pieces to record the historical part.

The December social of the Boston Society was held on Wednesday night, December 14th. The Committee, and participants in the exercises, were all orators. Mrs. Daisy Church Williams was chairman, and had as her assistants Miss Simmons, Miss McCandlish, Mrs. Zimmer, Miss Holmholdt, Mrs. Haynes, Messrs. Wahlstrom, Zimmer and Lowenberg.

The first part of the program consisted of a "Country Courtship." The Country-belle was Mrs. Williams; "Country Jake," her lover, Mr. Lowenberg; "City Chap," the rival, Mr. Wahlstrom. Miss McCandlish was the Country marm. The affair ended with the "Country Jake" throwing out the city chap and the old woman putting him out.

The second part of the program was made up of well-known "Wax Works." The caste was:

"Japanese Lady," Miss Holmholdt; "Milkmaid," Mrs. Haynes; "Farm Hand and Lover of Milkmaid," Mr. Zimmer; "Opera Singer," Miss Simmons; "Schoolboy Duncie," Mr. Wahlstrom; "Miss N. Y. Hobbleskirt," Mrs. Williams; Owner, Mrs. Zimmer; Jaintor, Mr. Lowenberg. The figures were exhibited, one by one, and each came up to the declaration. It is hard to say which took the Blue Ribbon, but in our opinion the "man-o-color" deserved it.

At the close of the stage part, refreshments were served.

The committee in charge was composed of the "statues" and hence they made a bee line for the kitchen as soon as the curtain fell. Now, in the kitchen, an exhibi-

tion was given without any previous rehearsal, or even meditation, and if the crowd could only witness it! That bee line charge was headed by "Miss Hobbleskirt," who was chairman. She was soon at the tables burdened with sandwiches and cakes, only tempting kind that can be made in Boston. Back went the cover with a swipe.

During the performance in the auditorium it was supposed that those tables were immune from all intrusion. As those "statues" filed into the kitchen the writer, being nosy, brought up the rear. When the charge was made and cover thrown back, all so suddenly, something dropped from the table right at "Miss Hobbleskirts." A yell, (was it heard over in Rhode Island?) The whole line of statues stampeded while "Hobbleskirts" in making for the door butted in here like a runaway locomotive. Poor little mouse almost frightened out of his skin!

The receipts from the admissions amounted to nearly twenty-five dollars. Next social, second Wednesday in January. Something new.

Miss J. R. Mitchell, of Westmont, Montreal, and was at the Social and in Boston for a few weeks with her cousin.

"Boston-1915" is the slogan of a get up started last year at a dinner of Boston City Club. It has been incorporated and has various projects for the betterment of the city in view. Many ministers and leading men are in the move. Mr. Wyand has been one of them from the first almost. Just now there will be a kick, a good solid heavy sole kick, administered by him to every Director on the Board, as the result of one item in the new pamphlet just issued. Here it is: "Marriage of epileptics, of two deaf persons, and of feeble minded persons should be forbidden."

This is No. 13, of the proposed laws if the "1915" is a go. It is No. 13, and that much in favor of the odds. Mr. Wyand has carried the matter to the officials and asked them to eliminate the deaf, especially those who have lost their hearing. The deaf have one thing in their favor if there is trouble—Rev. Dr. Dennison is a member of the Board of Directors. Dr. Dennison is all to the good—I presume. If he is not, we have an opportunity to get at him through Rev. Herbert Gallaudet, son of our benefactor in Washington, who is Mr. Dennison's assistant as minister.

The great LeBlanc trial is over and everybody pleased with the verdict. The deaf have followed it from start to finish, and were interested especially because Judge Bond is a good friend of the deaf, his son having married the daughter of our Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Wood.

The surprise of the season was the marriage of Miss Margaret Short, of Cambridge, to Mr. Humphrey B. Lutes, of Lynn, on Saturday evening. The wedding took place at the home of the bride and in the presence of a few chosen friends, who had been invited to the house "to attend a surprise party." The word that made the two hearts beat as one was pronounced orally and in signs by Rev. E. C. Wyand, pastor of the Evangelical Church for the deaf. Maj. A. E. Beauchene acted the part of best man while Miss Laura Moller, of Lowell, was bride's maid.

The bride is a graduate of the oral school, but has mastered the language of signs to the extent as to be a popular as a signer of hymns, and is a young lady of accomplishments.

The groom is among the energetic and frugal young men and has been steadily employed in Lynn as a carpenter for some years. He has been fortunate and deserves to be congratulated, while the same can be said of the bride.

After a brief wedding tour, they will return and make their home with the bride's mother in Cambridge until Spring, when they will remove to Lynn, taking the bride's mother with them.

Christmas was celebrated at the Boston church, Sunday morning, and at the Salem Society in the afternoon. The morning services were of a special feature. Instead

of the lesson there was a responsive reading of St. Luke III. Mrs. Hazel Hoyer followed with a song, "Hail the King." The sermon was on "The Nativity." The services closed with Mr. Charles K. Walker singing, "Good-will to Men." The usual Christmas crowd was out, and the church was most artistically decorated for the season. There were many happy faces, all being out to be merry and make merry.

The Old Home in Everett, is today (Monday) the Mecca for the deaf. The house is trimmed and has a fine tree as usual. Good cheer is rampant. The Boston and New England deaf never fail to remember the Home, especially on holidays.

We wish one and all the Season's sweetest.

HARTFORD

The school closed Friday, December 23d, for a week's vacation. A few pupils who live at more remote points, or are otherwise situated, will remain at the school.

On Sunday evening, December 11th, Miss Atkinson gave a stereopticon lecture in the school chapel about some cities and cathedrals of Europe, and about the Passion play seen in Germany last Summer. The lecture was most interesting.

The Benevolent Society, which for some years has been holding its meetings in a room at the school, has obtained the use of a lodge room in the large Allen building on Main Street, Hartford, where meetings for the current year at least will be held. Mr. R. K. Waters is president. The Society was organized by Rev. Father McCork some thirteen years ago, and has been a most worthy and reliable organization. Its full name is "The Connecticut Deaf Mutes' Benevolent Society." The members are pledged to help each other in any time of need or distress. They have already a fund of some \$2,000 in the savings bank.

A recent copy of the Waterbury American, a daily paper, contained in its Sunday issue quite an article about the diploma of award given to Miss Emma H. Smith for her bookbinding work exhibited at the World's Congress of the Deaf, in Colorado last August, together with a very good picture of the lady herself.

Miss Elizabeth Fay, daughter of the late Prof. G. O. Fay, M.A., and of the teaching staff at the school, is spending her vacation with her brother and his family in New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Seaman, of Bridgeport, were in Hartford Saturday and Sunday, December 11th and 12th. Their granddaughter, Mildred, is a pupil in the school, and her ability to make signs is so clever and cute, that the older deaf in Bridgeport very much enjoy conversing with her.

John McCue, of New Haven, has been so ill with lumbago that he has not been able to do much work for the past two months or more. He has been for several years employed by the Street Department of the city.

L. W. Crowley has a well written article in the last issue of the Catholic Deaf Mute, a paper published in Brooklyn, N. Y., about the Mission recently held here in Hartford by Father McCarthy.

The boys at the school played their first basketball game of the season the Saturday of December 17th, with a team from Weathersfield called "Columbia." It was a very lively and close game, the score being the same for both teams. The school five were: Beis, Diot, Mayville, Cossett and Luther. Where the boys would have been in this game without this last player it would be difficult to say, as their opponents were all larger and heavier young men than the regular school boys. Luther is a powerful man in most any line of athletic endeavor, and certainly knows the tricks of basketball from A to Z. He graduated from the school some half dozen years ago, or more.

The Cogswell Literary Society met at 15 Church Street, Friday evening, December 16th. Mr. D. B. Taylor gave a reading of Sil-

vanus Cobb's story, "The Gunsmith of Moscow," a very dramatic tale of love and courage.

On Saturday evening, January 21st, 1911, in the school chapel, Mr. Samuel Frankenstein, of New York, will give a stereopticon lecture of his travels in Mexico, under the auspices of the Cogswell Literary Society. This entertainment promises to be an exceptional one with very fine pictures and a very graceful and expert signer to explain them. An admission of ten cents will be charged to help pay the lecturer's travelling expenses, as he volunteers his gifts and service.

Miss Grace Bacon, of New Haven, who has been very ill in the hospital for a year past, has been taken home somewhat improved in health. The doctors have grave fears of her ever making much use of her limbs. Not for a long time at least.

Mrs. Harriet Wheeler, of New Haven, has moved to 21 Florence Street, Morris Cove. She has recently been braved on an only brother, who died and was buried in Derby, Ct., Sunday, December 18th, aged 73 years.

The Bridgeport papers report the case of a fraud and beat named J. T. Commerford. He was arrested as a poor deaf-mute out of work and begging on the streets. A little probing by the police authorities, however, revealed the fact that the man could hear and talk all right enough. The Judge sent him to jail for ninety days and fined him five dollars besides.

Mr. Julius Rieger and Leon Fowler, of New Haven, walked out to the Alms House, Sunday morning, December 25th, and presented a couple of packages of gifts to two poor deaf-mutes, whom the troubles and temptations of the world have temporarily overcome.

At the Silent Mission services in Bridgeport, Sunday afternoon, December 11th, Mrs. A. J. Morris signed a hymn in signs pleasing and graceful. Her signs had a genuine rhythm of the hymn itself. Here is one of the marvels of signs that in the hands of experts it can and does express the rhythm of true poetry, something no mouth could ever do.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Hine, of Waterbury, spent Sunday, December 25th, in Hartford, the guests of Mrs. Hine's mother, Mrs. Amelia Schmah, who has a very pleasant home on Washington Street.

The rug firm of the late Samuel Denchion, of Hartford, for whom Dana B. Taylor has worked for some fifteen years, has been organized as a joint stock company, and will continue the business both here in this city and in New York, thus assuring Mr. Taylor of the probable continuance of his job. He has been an expert in the washing and stretching of imported Persian and Turkish rugs, as all such rugs are cleaned and otherwise prepared for the market after arrival in this country. The firm has a fine store on Broadway, New York City.

W. C. Rockwell, of Hartford, and Michael Lapides, of New Haven, are at their respective homes for the Christmas vacation. Both are students in Washington, D. C., at Gallaudet College and Preparatory School. We wish more of our Connecticut deaf lads would head that way instead of rushing off to work in some factory. Work! They'll all get enough of that before they are dead. Whereas, a little more school and college would be a great help to them intellectually, and an abiding inspiration, and youth is the time for it, or never. And so far as our knowledge of the deaf goes we have invariably found the Gallaudet College graduate and former pupils distinctively superior men.

The Silent Mission here in Connecticut during the fourth Sunday of Advent took offerings for some Christmas gifts for the poor deaf in our midst. This at the suggestion of Mr. J. Rieger, of New Haven, and Mrs. B. D. Beers, of Bridgeport. There are seven of our unfortunate deaf brothers and sisters here in this State; three in Alms Houses; one in State's prison, on a 33 years sentence; and one in hospital for months though now at home. All these men and women a few years ago were pupils in our schools for the deaf, all but two of them in our Hartford school, and

then they were happy, studious, well-behaved and well in the body. But contact with the world, its stern demands on strength and energy; its fierce temptations appealing to the flesh and its passions; and life's grinding toil and troubles, and difficulties peculiar to the deaf, such as disdain, ridicule, and misunderstanding on the part of the hearing towards them—in short, the world proved too much for them, and except for the grace of the Good God they are down and out.

Hence we venture to raise the question—cannot our schools for the deaf do more for their pupils? Can they not extend in some way their beneficent and protecting work into the after-school period of life? Could they not, for one thing definite, to help more of their pupils to attend Gallaudet College, or its preparatory school, as these added years of study and association with wise hearing teachers and with the best of their followers, makes for stronger and finer manhood in the deaf. Had the same efficiency in deaf-mute educational methods, or processes been reached. We are asking these questions for wiser heads than our own to ponder.

FANWOOD.

On the 21st of December, about five hundred pupils, with smiling faces, strided away to their respective homes for their Christmas vacation. After they had gone, we found that there were about sixty pupils would enjoy their holidays here.

On Christmas Eve, the little ones eagerly hung up their stockings on the foot post of their beds, and expected Old St. Nicholas would stop in his up-to-date delivery aeroplane by one of our chimneys during the night and would surprise them with something that would fulfill their appetites and expectations. However their hopes were in vain and they felt and looked downcast the following morning, which was Christmas Day. But they suspected that the gifts for them must have been placed in different place, but they were not sure at all, just guessing. "Merry Christmas" they said to each other. Soon we were summoned to stand in line, for breakfast was ready. In the dining-room, we beheld a pile of gifts placed on one of the tables in tidy good order, and we were in a haste to know and get our right gifts. So when we were through with the breakfast, the gifts were distributed by Miss Alice Judge, Messrs. Lounsbury and Nimmo. The girls were rather jealous, for not one of them received a gift; but how kind of the boys for they consoled them with sweet words, telling them they might find theirs in their sitting-room, which is fitted with a beautiful Christmas tree—and it was the right guess. I know every reader of this JOURNAL is very anxious to know what the gifts were. They were books, games, kerchiefs, and toys (for little kindergarten boys). Keeping pleasantly till at half past eleven, we were called to the service in the girls' sitting-room, where we found Prof. Jones was ready to deliver something of interest. We were delighted with the view of the Christmas tree. The service was opened with repeating the Lord's Prayer. Prof. Jones' text from St. Luke was very beautiful and appropriate, for the occasion. He afterwards told a Christmas Story, which excited every one.

In the afternoon, Joseph Dennen was permitted, through the courtesy of Principal Carrier, to go to St. Francis Xavier's Church at 16th Street, to attend the service and entertainment that followed. At the same time Arthur Bailey went to St. Ann's Church to celebrate Christmas. He recognized Dr. Chamberlain's text and sermon as quite similar to the discourse by Prof. Jones in our chapel the Sunday before Christmas. The rest of the boys went into the girls' sitting-room again and Mr. Best delivered a sermon on Christmas, seasoned with numerous short stories, after which they went out walking with Messrs. Lounsbury and Nimmo.

When Joseph Dennen came back in the evening, he looked as if he surely had a great time. He said that after the service, which was a short one led by the Rev. Father McCarthy, he witnessed a short entertainment and was presented with a box of candy. He was acquainted with many deaf gentlemen. He met his dear friend, Mr. John F. O'Brien, who reads up the scripture lessons to our Fanwood boys at the church of St. Rose of Lima every Sunday morning. Well, he took him to his sister's house at 158th Street, and invited him to sup with them. Dennen said that he felt awfully green and that the supper was delicious, and the best one he ever had in his life. He is proud when he says that he was served with a saucer of plum-pudding.

We had a very good Christmas dinner on Monday. There was turkey with dressing, cranberry sauce, gravy, mince pie, and a box of assorted candy to each.

In the evening, we were treated to a moving picture exhibition—the best ones we ever had. We owe our gratitude to Principal Carrier for his earnest efforts to give us a pleasant and merry time on Christmas Day.

Wednesday night, December 28th, through the kind invitation of Editor E. A. Hodgson and permission of Principal Carrier, Cadet Color Sergeants Dennen and Kabanovitch, Cadet Landon and the writer, were among those who witnessed the attractive two-act play, known as "Santa Claus and Sea Captain's Child," performed in the Guild Room of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes on that evening. Two of our girls—Misses Adcock and Wren—accompanied by Miss Agnes Craig, were also there. The play was very simple and interesting. The girls and boys praised Miss Craig when they saw her act on the stage, and we wonder why Miss Craig has never demonstrated her talent on the stage at Fanwood. After the curtain fell at the close of the first act, Santa Claus Jones, who recently visited the Fanwood girls and boys, came forth. He brought people from various parts of the world to show us and explained their customs. After the play was over, we each was presented a box of delicious chocolate and gifts.

Mr. Homer E. Grace, a Senior of Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C., made a brief visit to the JOURNAL office. He was accompanied by Rev. John H. Keiser and visited Principal Carrier and looked around Fanwood, last Wednesday. The writer learned that Mr. Grace lives far away out in Kansas, and it was his first visit to New York City.

ARTHUR T. BAILEY.

Evangelical Alliance Services for the Deaf.

(Interdenominational)
BOSTON.
Services every Sunday, at 10:45 A.M., First United Presbyterian Church, Cor. W. Brookline St. and Warren Ave., Boston (Roxbury Crossing, or Columbus Ave. cars from Subway, or Dudley St. Elevated, to Brookline St.)

SALEM.
Services at First Baptist Church, Salem, Mass., Second, Third and Fourth Sundays, each month, excepting July and August, 2:15 P.M.

NEW ENGLAND CITIES.
Services in Worcester, Nashua, Providence and other New England cities, by appointment.

E. CLAYTON WYAND,
Evangelical Alliance Minister in charge.

Residence: Mattapan Sta., Boston.
To these services all are welcome.

Catholic Church Notices.

St. Francis Xavier's, 30 West 16th Street—Instruction and Services in the College Hall, at 3:30 P.M., on the first and third Sunday of the month.

St. Rose's, 165th Street, west of Amsterdam Avenue—Services and Catechism on Sundays at 9 A.M.

St. Vincent Ferrer's, Lexington Avenue and 66th Street—Services and Catechism on Sundays at 9 A.M.

BROOKLYN.—Knights of Columbus Hall, Hanson Place and South Portland Avenue.—Religious Instruction at 3:30 P.M., on the fourth Sunday of the month.

Under the direction of
REV. M. R. MCCARTHY, S.J.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 5, 1911.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 1604 Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.
One Copy, one year \$1.00

CONTRIBUTIONS.
All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.
Contributions, subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York.

"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humble and the weakest
'Neath the all-blessing sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slave most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Notice concerning the who embouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

In extending this New Year's greeting to each and all of the JOURNAL readers, we take occasion to remind them that the present issue begins the fortieth year of continuous service that this paper has rendered to the deaf. That is something to ruminate upon. Good, square, helpful and uplifting effort and influence is something worth while, whether or not the period it encompasses be either brief or lengthy. In either case good has been done, and the benefit has been reaped and garnered by a class of people handicapped by fate. But thirty-nine years of pushing along progressive work, of encouragement to the weak and wavering, of praise and credit to the strong and successful, certainly deserves at least to be placed on record emphasized with words that are simple, positive and plain.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL has always stood for the best interests of the deaf. It has been unbiassed and unprejudiced in its treatment of topics that affect their welfare. It has welcomed discursive articles from the pens of the brightest and ablest of the deaf, but has never ignored the rights of the humblest and least accomplished to make known any grievance that seemed deserving of public attention. In controversy, when opinions clash, its only rule has been to require courtesy and fairness, such as in ordinary life one gentleman would extend to another.

The news that is fit to print has always been given a place, and items that would benefit no one but might work injury to some one, have been promptly and invariably committed to the waste basket. It has always been an axiom in this office that no man should profit, or rise, at the expense of others, that there is no humor in a joke which is based upon any one's misfortune.

In the above spirit of fair dealing and good-will to all the editor has endeavored, through all the long years that have so quickly passed, to conduct the JOURNAL, and according to his light will continue to do so.

We trust that the deaf everywhere will rally to the support of the paper that is constantly and continuously supporting them; that espouses their every just cause without fear and without favor; that needs the strength of numbers only because thereby is the strength and unanimity of opinion upon matters of importance engendered and conserved.

We wish all of our readers and the deaf everywhere

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

The engagement of Miss Evelyn Mildred Watson of Woodford, Maine, and Mr. Frederic George Skilling, of Portland, Me., has just been announced. The marriage will probably take place next Spring or Autumn. Mr. Skilling is well known in Boston and Portland.

National Association of the Deaf.

Organized, August 25, 1880.
Incorporated, Feb. 25, 1900.

President, Olof Hanson, O. H. Regensburg, S. M. Freeman, Wash. Cal. Ga.

Vice-Presidents, Anton Schroeder, Minn. Mrs. J. S. Long, Iowa Mrs. F. B. Carpenter, Ill. O. G. Carroll, Texas.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:
Olof Hanson, Washington, Ex-Officio Chairman
Harley D. Drake, Ohio
S. M. Freeman, Georgia
Oscar H. Regensburg, California
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Waldo H. Ketchum, Nebraska
B. Randall Allabough, Pennsylvania
Frank P. Gibson, Illinois
Arthur L. Roberts, Kansas

[OFFICIAL]

The Hartford Monument.

The following letter has been received from Mr. Schroeder, of St. Paul, who is travelling for the Stanley Works, New Britain, Ct. As it has a bearing on a subject now under consideration by the Executive Committee, it is published for the information of those interested.

OLOF HANSON.

MR. OLOF HANSON,
Pres. National Ass'n of the Deaf,
Seattle, Wash.

MY DEAR MR. HANSON:—With reference to the Gallaudet Monument that stands in front of the American School for the Deaf at Hartford, and about which you recently asked for further information, I beg to say that I was in Hartford last week, and in examining the monument, I found it to be in such a dangerous condition, that, in my opinion, it evidently requires immediate attention. The granite base appears to be just as good as when new, but the whole marble resting on that base is in a very bad shape—in fact, I would not be surprised if it should fall down at any time like a rotten tree.

In view of the fact that it was through the supreme and self-sacrificing efforts of Dr. Gallaudet that the deaf have been enabled to enjoy every benefit of education possible, it would be just sad to think how ungrateful we would be if we don't show, in any way, our sincere appreciation of his noble and useful work done, in the way of establishing the first school for the deaf in this country of ours.

Let me take the liberty of suggesting that you, President of the National Association of the Deaf, appoint a committee with as little delay as possible, to see what ought to be done about the monument.

From experience, I would say that marble will never last any length of time, and that bronze will prove to be the best in the end.

The American deaf, I am fully convinced, will most cheerfully respond to your request for donations to the matter of having a new bronze statue, which, in my opinion, will not cost more than a few thousand dollars. In that case, you may count upon me as one of them that will gladly donate something.

Yours truly,
ANTON SCHROEDER.

Nov. 20, 1910.

SEATTLE, Nov. 20, 1910.

MR. WM. E. ROBERTSON,
President Chamber of Commerce,
Buffalo, N. Y.

DEAR SIR:—Your favor of October 31st, inviting the National Association of the Deaf to meet in Buffalo has been received. Your invitation will be brought to the attention of the Executive Committee in due time.

Yours truly,
OLOF HANSON,
President.

SEATTLE, Dec. 17, 1910.

MR. C. R. NEILLIE,
Secy Cleveland Ass'n of the Deaf,
Cleveland, Ohio.

DEAR SIR:—Your letter of November 30th, addressed to Mr. A. L. Roberts, and stating that the Cleveland Association of the Deaf has by resolution directed that an invitation be conveyed to the National Association of the Deaf to hold its next Convention in the City of Cleveland, has been received. The invitation will be brought to the attention of the Executive Committee when we come to consider the location of the next Convention.

Yours very truly,
OLOF HANSON,
President N. A. D.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF.

Franklin Street above Green, Phila., Pa.

REV. C. O. DASTIER, Pastor, 3525 N. Nineteenth Street.

Services every Sunday at 2:30 P.M. (Except during July and August, 19:30 A.M.)
Holy Communion—First Sunday of the month.

Bible Class, immediately after services.

Cleric Literary Association meets every Thursday, after 7:30 o'clock.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

The sympathizing friends of Miss Fandrem, '12, fairly deluged that young lady with cares in their efforts to lighten the solitude incident to rooming by one's self. What with two doll-babies, a white elephant and a ferocious-looking watchdog to mother, dear Petra will be entirely lost to us now, we fear.

A certain Junior is so susceptible to bargains that she purchased a tiny fir-tree, because it cost only a dime—and then spent a dollar to trim it up.

The girls met a charming surprise when they came to dinner on Christmas Day. At each plate was a box of home-made candies, while Christmas "pies," trailing a ribbon to each piece, graced the table centres. At a given signal the ribbons were pulled and the "pies" disclosed their contents—a medley of comical little favors, appropriately labeled. One, a dime fastened on a pin, was tagged, "A diamond pin," and a pair of kid curlers bore the inscription, "Some little 'kids.'" A turtle came with the sage advice, "Don't be so snappy, or you'll turn turtle," and was drawn by quiet Miss Snyder, '02.

The whole was the gift of Miss Northrup. It was greatly appreciated by the girls.

To judge from the demonstration given by an austere and dignified Senior at the Christmas dinner, two spoons and a fork are the paraphernalia necessary in order to properly partake of pie a la mode.

Hark! Hark! The herald angels sing.
Of presents Santa is sure to bring.

So come ye together as birds of a feather.
At eight he'll be here: in spirit of bad weather.

Thus were the merry Co-eds called in to meet good old Saint Nick on Christmas Eve. Santa's cozy sitting-room, with tree, gifts, holly and mistletoe, but best of all with the jovial and rotund Santa himself (Miss Denton) and his cheerful spouse (Miss Redmon), had been transferred to the Co-eds' library. The girls were treated to legalized eavesdropping, while Old Nicholas looked up the name of deserving Gallaudet lassies and debated with Mother Santa on what suited each and why. The dialogue proved highly amusing, as it brought out a good many pet characteristics. To judge from the sparkling eyes and the arms full of bundles which he left behind, Saint Nick has a standing invitation from each and all to come again.

The Junior girls with Mrs. Day and Miss Zell, gathered about a wee Christmas tree on Friday evening, and proceeded to have the jolliest class party ever. Class presents were exchanged, each one receiving a much-wanted gift from the rest of the class. The idea was new but worked admirably. The evening was spent in conversation with a game or two, while coffee, nuts and candies cheered the inner man. As the party broke up, each guest found a novel fortune, left by Santa himself.

The Colorado students took dinner with President and Mrs. Hall on Christmas Day.

The Co-eds' library is beautiful and Christmaslike almost beyond expectation this year. The committee on the Christmas arrangement have done themselves credit, and with a huge tree on one side, a Yuletide log smoldering on the other, and the rest of the room decked out in red and green with holly and mistletoe everywhere, the girls are reveling in the joys of the Christmastide. Those acting on the committee are:—Miss Eaton, '12, Chairman, Miss Hammond, '12, Miss Denton, '13, Miss Nelson, '14, Miss Redmon P. C.

The Kendall School children gave an entertainment on Wednesday evening, the 21st, but just then we were cramming away, so cannot enlarge upon it. Reports, however, say that an excellent program was rendered.

Only five of the young ladies have gone home for the holiday season this year.

The examinations for the first term have just been brought to a close. The work done has been good and the students have entered into with enthusiasm into the holiday vacation which lasts until January 3d.

A Moving Picture show is to be given in chapel Wednesday evening, December 28th. The proceeds are to go towards the basketball team and the prospects are for a neat sum to be realized.

Skating is still in vogue. The Basin continues to be frozen over and is even better than at our last writing. It got warm for a day, just enough to meet the top layer and then froze over again. As a consequence we have a perfectly smooth surface. This bids fair to be the best winter for several years. The cold spell has been in evidence for nearly three weeks and still colder weather is predicted. Let 'er come. The colder the better and a genuine old-fashioned western blizzard would be received with open arms.

Walter Durlan, of the Class of '14, is entertaining his brother, Royal, and Frank Blackhall, of Pittsburg, during the vacation, and

incidentally showing them the sights of Washington.

Owing to the novelty of vacation joys the correspondent has rather boyishly allowed business to lapse the past week, and as a result JOURNAL readers may indulge in sarcastic remarks over the quality and quantity of news herein served up.

A considerable number of the students were absent during the holidays, some at home and others visiting friends in the vicinity of Washington.

Prof. and Mrs. Day spent the latter part of the vacation at Atlantic City, finding needed relaxation at that restful resort.

President Hall has made purchases of new furnishing for the college rooms—beds, chairs, tables, chiffoniers, etc.—aggregating about \$2,000. The comfort of all the students has thus been greatly increased, and in line with the improvement in the food and dining room service, has made general expression of satisfaction anent bodily ease.

Another scholarship prize has been announced. Through President Hall, Mr. Howard L. Terry has offered the sum of five dollars to the Senior writing the best original Presentation essay. Good work! That makes three now. Who is next!

We are anxiously awaiting the publication of "Hans" Grace's book on "The Temptations of a Pilgrim in New York," which we understand has been inspired by the lanky one's visit to that wonderful city as the guest of the people of St. Ann's.

We have an apology to make, even though such things are sadly out of date. Why? Oh, it's Gardner, we have neglected him so long. Last year he acquired fame as a squire of dames, in the memorable incident of the cattle on the campus. But that fame is short-lived compared with the Oregonian's present triumphal path to glory. Gardner raises chickens. He admits the fact without blushing. In a two-by-six coop down back of the engine house, in the midst of everything a chicken dubs affluent, dwell some of the most aristocratic chunks of poultry, possible to dream of, and it was but a few days ago that our Harry announced, with pardonable pride, that the stork had visited our peaceful community long enough to bless his chicken family with a lusty cackleberry. Here's wishing it a prosperous future.

Leandro Maldonado, a student at the Mt. Airy Institution, was the guest of Walter Durlan at the College for several days during the vacation.

Practically the entire student body was present at the Christmas Festival, given by the St. Barnabas Mission at Cavalry Baptist Church, last Friday evening, and from all reports a more pleasant time was never enjoyed. Mr. Bryant, the popular leader of the Mission, and our most esteemed friends, deserves great credit for the entertainment he and his crops of assistants provided. The program delivered was long, and interesting throughout; beginning with a most felicitous address on the general subject of Christmas and our observance of it. "The Christmas Story," told by Miss Marshal, a hearing lady, and interpreted by Mrs. Bryant, was acknowledged the most beautiful and pathetic ever delivered. The remainder of the program was:

Address—"The Origin of Christmas," by Mr. G. O. Erickson, '05.
Hymn.....Miss King
Address—"The Christmas Spirit," by Mr. Bernhardt.
Hymn.....Miss Judge, Fanwood Institution
"America"—Misses Redmon, Campbell, and Wickham, Prep. Class
Closing Address.....Rev. Mr. Greene.

At the conclusion of the exercises, Mr. Bryant, all smiles, asked the company to pass into the next room where a bountiful supper awaited their attention. And in the preparation of that supper, the committee fairly outdid themselves, for never was food more enjoyed. At a late hour the company departed with many expressions of approval over the entire arrangement and all responsible for it.

Thursday evening, at their home in the College, Prof. and Mrs. A. B. Fay entertained the Junior Class at "500." The game was spiritedly contested up to the very last, when the prizes were settled upon Misses Froelich and Jennie, first and booby respectively, and Messrs. Anderson and Jones. The gentleman's first prize went to Mr. Anderson on a cut with Mr. Harris. After refreshments of sherbet and cake, the party broke up, everyone voting the Professor and his estimable wife most excellent entertainers.

Professor and Mrs. Herbert E. Day entertained the members of the Senior Class, at their home, on Thursday evening, December 29th. Various amusing games were played and provoked no amount of laughter. The game of "Dumb-Crambo" was especially amusing. Something rather simple but still difficult was the drawing of geometrical figures before a mirror without being able to see the movements of the pencil. If any one

thinks it easy, let him try it for himself. The prize for drawing the best pig while blindfolded, went to Miss Fossan and to Mr. Morris.

Refreshments consisting of ice-cream and cake were served and the party broke up with everyone declaring he had a simply splendid time. Besides the young ladies of the Senior Class, there were also Misses Northrup and Kilgore, '08. T. L. A.

It must be said of the Co-eds that they have been enjoying their Christmas vacation to the full, and it is with doleful faces that they see its end approaching.

The weather man was kind enough to keep down the mercury for a few days, while we enjoyed a bit of skating. Since the ice gave out, the girls, excepting a few little busybodies, have been lolling away the hours in regulation vacation style.

The evenings, however, have been well filled, especially in the East Wing.

Monday evening the usual social time was held in the Co-ed's library.

A little blaze, started when the decorations about the chandelier came in contact with an unprotected incandescent burner, enlivened things considerably at the beginning of the evening. No damage resulted, however, save some badly mussed decorations, and a few singed hairs in the heads of rescuing heroes. The evening passed merrily, a few new games being introduced by a committee selected for that purpose.

Tuesday evening was class party night at the East Wing, or so it might be called, for the fortunate recipients of well stocked Christmas boxes took over the evening to "divvy up" with their respective classes.

Miss Eaton feasted the Seniors, and Miss Northrup, on delicious novelties from far off Arizona. "Five hundred" was indulged in, Miss Newman taking the prize.

Miss Fandrem entertained the Juniors at a kimono spread, where toothsome viands of Norwegian manufacture were served.

Several other spreads were in order, and apparently the Preps gathered together such cups and spoons as were left and had one too.

Wednesday evening was taken up by the basketball benefit.

On Thursday Mr. and Mrs. Day entertained the Seniors and Mr. and Mrs. Fay the Juniors, with Miss Fay, at very enjoyable parties.

The festival given by the Baptist Deaf of the city was largely attended by the college girls and boys, and an excellent time was had.

Miss Kilgore, who is spending a few days with us, on Saturday afternoon.

All of the Co-eds and several of the officers and Faculty ladies were the guests Saturday evening at a "Watch" party given by the Senior Class. The fun began with a taffy pull in the laundry. By about ten-thirty all the molasses and sugar was exhausted, and nearly all had their hands well covered with blisters, so coffee was brewed and cakes donated from the Christmas boxes, and the crowd for some time made merry in the dining room.

We then gathered about the library fire, playing games and cards, and regaling ourselves still further with pop corn supplied by Mrs. Schenck, until the midnight hour.

As usual, the boys brought some of their demonstrations over the East Wing, and were repaid for their trouble this time. A regular flap-jack scramble resulted as they fought for the goodies thrown out. We forgot to wrap the taffy in paper, but the omission seemed to pass unnoticed.

A. V. J.

Services in the Dioceses of Albany and Central New York.

First Sunday in the month: Morning, Troy; afternoon, Albany evening, Amsterdam.

Second Sunday: Morning, Syracuse; afternoon, Oneida; evening, Utica.

Third Sunday: Morning, Troy; afternoon, Schenectady; evening, Herkimer.

Fourth Sunday: Morning, Utica; afternoon, Rome; evening, Syracuse.

The above is the ordinary arrangement of services. Departures from this arrangement and appointments for week-day services will be announced by postal card.

H. VAN ALLEN, Missionary,
232 Grove Place, Utica, N. Y.

Baltimore Methodist Deaf-Mute Mission.

Rev. D. E. Moylan, Pastor, 740 W. Fayette Street.

Services at Eutaw Street M. E. Church, every Sunday, at 3:30 P.M.

Sunday School, at 2:30 P.M.

Week day meetings every Thursday evening, at 8 P.M., in the lecture room. (Except during July and August.)

Holy Communion, first Sunday each month. Everybody welcome.

FROM A WINNER.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL: Will you please to publish the article of my prize trip to the National Convention at Colorado Springs in your worthy paper? From the late information, the two other winners have already written theirs to the JOURNAL.

In the *Silent Success*, published at St. Louis, I noticed the announcement of some prizes that caused me to try and win a free trip and hotel's bill, which required me to raise \$250.00 for the Moving Picture Fund. About the latter part of June I started the work and finished on the 2d of August—that is, I spent 27½ days of 72 hours in traveling and 147½ hours in soliciting, averaging about 8 hours per day, in the whole distance of 403 miles. Say, out of the 27 days, 23 days of 69 hours were spent in traveling by my buggy at 333 miles, the different distances between 2 and 30 from home, and the other days, by railroad.

One day before going for the West I finished the work with great happiness, but about worn out from the work during the hottest month of July. If, instead of coming back to my widowed sister's for several days every week, as I had to do, I could certainly have done the work in less than 20 days. The farmers being busy at work I did not run in the country, but several villages and towns in the half part of my home County and several others along a railroad through two nearest counties.

At every town I went to several best known men first, to put down their names on the blank list before seeing others, that helped my work out successfully. I was greatly encouraged at the kind words of the contributors. I did not let any one contribute to the fund without reading or understanding the meaning of the Moving Picture Fund for the Deaf. For instance, I once or twice refused to accept contributions. Several best business friends not knowing those officers of the N. A. D. in the upper corners of the blanks, and before contributing asked me several questions for more explanation, and then contributed largely. The contributions being from ten cents to five dollars, mostly twenty-five cents and fifty cents; some, one and two dollars, were given, but only by hearing people, who I claim are most of my old friends and acquaintances.

I was much obliged to Mr. O. H. Regensburg, our worthy National Treasurer of the Moving Picture Fund, a lot of my thanks for a fine free trip, etc., which I highly appreciated and shall always remember. The same to Mr. Walter Glover, our State Treasurer, for his great interest in my work. If I am ever in a place conveniently I shall gladly help the good cause. God speed the great fund!

Respectfully,

LEWIS E. MYERS.

BOWMAN, S. C., Dec. 16, 1910.

In Memoriam.

At a meeting of the Hollywood Fraternity of Deaf-Mutes, held December 10th, announcement was made of the death on December 4th, 1910, of Robert Elwell Maynard, a member of the Fraternity. The following minute and resolution were presented and on motion unanimously adopted:

Mr. Maynard was one of the founders of the Hollywood Fraternity and maintained his interest in the organization till his death. His sterling character, wide experience, great ability and genial personality made him highly valued as a counselor and honored as a friend. His death is a distinct loss to the Fraternity and to the deaf community in which he was so widely known. Therefore,

Resolved, That in the death of Robert Elwell Maynard, the Hollywood Fraternity has lost a valued brother and the members a personal friend whom they held in the highest esteem.

Resolved, That an expression of sincere condolence be tendered to the members of his family, and that a copy of this minute be sent to them, and to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

JOHN H. KRISER.
MURRAY CAMPBELL.
WILLIAM W. W. THOMAS.

Entertainment Course.

St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes

511-15 WEST 148TH STREET.

SEASON 1910-1911.

Parish Meeting—Second Tuesday of each month.

Woman's Aid Society—Third Thursday of each month.

Men's Guild—Last Tuesday of each month.

Until the Pitcher is Perfect.

Out of the pottery oven a young man was taking a beautiful piece of work. To the ordinary eye it was very nearly perfect in form, in coloring and in all its workmanship. But the young man who had made it saw something of imperfection about the pitcher, beautiful as it was. With the pretty thing in his hands he stepped to the door. There was a crash. The lovely pitcher fell to the ground, a little heap of broken fragments.

"Why did you do that?" someone who stood by asked. "I thought it a most excellent piece of work."

"It was not the best I could do! I never could be satisfied with it! Now I am going to make a better one!"

Then Josiah Wedgwood went back to do his best. To-day the world prizes the Wedgwood pottery most for its beauty and perfection. The young man, who was not satisfied with anything but the best, put himself back of his work. From a humble workman he rose to be one of the greatest manufacturers of the world in his chosen line of work. But never would he permit a piece of inferior pottery to go from his factory. Those who worked for him knew that it would be of no use to try to let poor pieces slip through.

"That never will do for Josiah Wedgwood," they would say. "If it should come into his hands he would only break it to pieces and perhaps discharge us."

Yonder is a young carpenter at work. Watch him a moment as he places his square across the end of a board and marks the line the saw is to follow in cutting it off. Close against the edge of his board he brings one tongue of his square. He knows that the slightest variation here will give him a wavering line and spoil the work of the saw, for the board will not fit perfectly into the place for which it is intended. With steady hand he brings his pencil toward him, pressing hard against the other tongue of the square. Standing up, he looks the work over. Is the line true? Nothing else will do for this man, for he is on his way to the master carpenter's place. Every mark must be perfectly true, every cut of the saw as straight as a die, every mortise exactly on the mark.

Up to the well-trained ear of the locomotive engineer of the fast express comes the grating of a piece of steel on another metal bearing. The piston is working hard. Slight as the noise is, he catches it and knows that the piston is wearing itself to pieces. Leaping from his place, he seizes an oil can and drops a little stream on the wearing metal. A smile lights up his face as he listens for the sound that disturbed him a moment ago and does not hear it.

But why not let the steel wear? It is only a little way to the end of the run, where another engineer will relieve this young man? Does he need to be so careful? Listen to his answer: "I am working for the best place on this road. I must turn my engine over at the round-house in the best possible condition. I shall not be satisfied until I can do any work perfectly!"

In a great factory where bronze work is done an old man is polishing the surfaces of a beautiful door. Over and over again he pushes his polishing tools on the already smooth surface. No sooner is he done with this time over, than he goes back and begins it all over again. Every spot and place on the door is touched and retouched, and you can see, even with your unskilled eye, that each time over leaves the door more beautiful.

"But how can you tell when to stop?" you ask the old man. There is a smile on his face as he says: "We just keep at it till there is nothing more we can do."

It is the keeping at it that counts. Josiah Wedgwood could not make a perfect piece of pottery at first. The young carpenter made many a wrong mark on the board before he reached the master mechanic's bench. For years the ambitious engineer toiled on until at last he stood at the head of his profession.

Whatever we do, the polishing must go on and on and on, over and over again, until the beauty of perfection at last appears in our work.

And, best of all, as we put ourselves into our everyday work, earnestly, patiently, wholeheartedly, the lines of our characters come out more and more clearly. Life must have the obiding and the painstaking and the patience, but the end is so glorious that our hearts rejoice and are glad that we have been thus faithful.—The Classmate.

P. E. Diocese of Connecticut.

Rev. G. H. Hefflon, Minister in charge.

FALL AND WINTER 1910-1911.

Hartford—Christ's Church, First and Third Sundays, 3:30 P.M.

Waterbury—St. John's Church, First and Third Sundays, 7 P.M.

Bridgeport—St. Paul's Church, Second Sunday, 2:30 P.M., and Fourth Sunday, 7 P.M.

New Haven—St. Paul's Church, Second Sunday, 5:30 P.M., and Fourth Sunday, 3:30 P.M.

At other places by appointment. Address of pastor, Y. M. C. A., Hartford, Ct.

Henry Scullin, of Potsdam, N. Y., is in New Rochelle, N. Y., for a stay of two or three weeks.

NEW YORK.

News items for this column, should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

The Guild Room of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes was comfortably filled on Wednesday evening, December 29th, to see the drama that Mr. W. W. Thomas and his company of histrionic talent had rehearsed and staged. No one was disappointed, as it was sprightly and amusing in the first act and heart-thrilling in its finale, while Mr. W. G. Jones in the garb of Santa Claus whiled away the tedium between the acts with witty comment upon young ladies dressed in the costumes of different nations, and tableaux in which Mr. A. A. Barnes, Mrs. W. Noble and little Miss Schwartz and Mr. Pfandler took part.

The play, which was collaborated and directed by the versatile W. W. Thomas, bore the euphonious title, "Santa Claus and the Sea Captain's Child."

The cast of characters was as follows:

Captain King..... W. W. Thomas
Helen, (Captain's Daughter).....
Matron Dobby..... Miss Helen Schwartz
Mary, (a servant)..... Miss Lillie Lindhoff
Schoolmates—Miss Eunice Brewer, Mary
Brewer, Agnes Craig, Kate Ehrlich.

Of course Mr. Thomas looked and acted to perfection the deep-sea mariner, and his costume—a gold-braided hat, coat with brass buttons and gold shoulder straps, and nether garments of the yo-heave-o-hut—was startlingly picturesque and gallantly suggestive of one born to figure and command. His daughter, Miss Helen Schwartz, was the wilful, spoiled and potted child and heiress to the captain's great wealth.

The story of the play is that going on a long sea voyage he leaves the reluctant child at school for girls. She gets every attention until the Matron (Miss Miller) reads that his vessel has been wrecked and all on board lost. The child is at once put to work with the slaves (Miss Lindhoff). All is tears and trouble till Christmas Eve, when the redoubtable Captain again paces the stage, collarless, coatless and hatless, and instead of the brave array of gold lace, he has only a waterlogged costume consisting of a white shirt and trousers hitched by a pair of plain suspenders. He announces that when the ship sank in mid-ocean he swam all day till rescued. Of course the stern Captain upbraids Matron Dobby, who looks scared and repentant, and little Helen falls into his arms and weeps tears of joy and gladness.

The schoolmates—Misses Eunice and Mary Brewer, Agnes Craig and Kate Ehrlich—were very amusing in their tricks and antics, and the others were all stars in their different parts. The writer still wonders how the dimple-cheeked Nettie Miller could look so wise and seamy. Miss Lindhoff gave a ludicrous exposition of the awkward housemaid, and Helen Swartz in the character of a little girl could hardly be improved upon.

After the first act, Miss Zell, of Columbus, O., was invited to give her impressions of New York and New Yorkers, but blushing declined. Mr. Homer E. Grace, a Gallaudet Senior, was next asked to talk, accepted and acquitted himself grandly.

After the play Santa Claus distributed presents to all, and then there was a gab-fest for nearly an hour.

That's all, except that Peter Kempf did good and courteous service at the box-office, and the electric effects were as usual cleverly manipulated by William Scott Abrams.

Christmas Sunday at St. Francis Xavier's was observed with the real yuletide spirit by more than three hundred friends and well-wishers of the Xavier Epiphany Society. The make-up of the assembly was as varied as it was numerous, including deaf-mutes of different nationalities and creeds. A Christmas smile overspread the benevolent countenance of the pastor of the Catholic deaf, Rev. M. R. McCarthy, S. J., as a result of this commingling, and he seemed to take added interest in the work of superintending the entertainment planned for the occasion. Assisting were Miss Katherine Murray, Miss Emily Hopping, Miss Annie Ryan and Miss Nora Joyce. A large Christmas tree appropriately decorated stood at one end of the "Gym," where the merry-making took place, and it was not long ere Santa Claus made his appearance. An elongated and wisp-like duplicate of the good old saint, in the person of Steve Dundon, attired in the full regalia of red and white with the flowing beard and locks, who won the good graces of all with the liberality of his pack. The Xavier Club boys got off a little burlesque, called "Melinda Jane's Suitors." The sylph-like Tom Grogan essayed the title part, and her sniters came out in Bobby McGinniss, Joe Schmidt, Andy Mattes and Jere. Rudolph, the last named winning the pumpkin, which some of the onlookers said Melinda Jane resembled.

Father McCarthy soon had his stereotyped in working order, giving a grand pictorial review of the Life of Our Lord, Mr. O'Brien interpreting in signs the different incidents as the pictures appeared on the screen.

In conformity with its long established custom, the League of Elect Surds held its Annual "Watch Night" at its rooms on the evening of December 31st. There were contests for prizes, lots of fun and jollity, and the evening wound up with "Auld Lang Syne" in chorus, while each pledged to each the best of good wishes for the New Year. A clock was the first prize, and E. Souweine got it. Mr. J. F. O'Brien, one of the guests, received a handsome hand-painted plaque, which had been donated by Grand Ruler LeClereq. A fine box of Havana perfectos, donated by Brother Heyman, went to Henry C. Kohlman. Mr. William McKinney, of Philadelphia, was a guest, and he made a fine speech, as also did Mr. O'Brien, another guest. All of the members made appropriate addresses, besides those mentioned in the program, which is appended:

PROGRAM

- [A. Capelli, Master of Ceremonies]
1. "Homely"—Grand Ruler Charles J. LeClereq.
 2. "Melding"—Deputy Grand Ruler Max Miller.
 3. "Plunks"—Grand Treasurer Edwin A. Hodgson, P.G.R.
 4. Poem: "Jakie Wienerkraut, the Man Who Struck Out Casey"—(Recited in Signs for the first time) By Grand Secretary Thomas F. Fox, P.G.R. [See poem on first page.—Ed.]
 5. "Regalia"—Grand Tyler Henry C. Kohlman.
 6. Lunch—At 10 P.M.
"Let us Eat and be Merry"
 7. Impromptu Remarks—By Members and Guests.
 8. Around ye Flowing Bowl—At 12 Midnight.
"Here's to 1911—Happy New Year."
 9. Auld Lang Syne—Led by Bro. Fox.

Auld Lang Syne

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of auld lang syne?

We twa ha'e run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e sported i' the burn,
Frae mornin' sun till dune,
But seas between us braid ha'e roared
Sin' auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty friend,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

CHORUS.
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

It is hardly necessary to say that the evening was most enjoyable and successfully conducted by Bro. Capelli. The supper at ten o'clock was a marvel of variety, abundance and excellence, and every man went through the full course from weinerwurst to the hasenpfeffer and kartoffelkloesse.

Watch night at the Union League Club was preceded in the evening, by a whist contest.

The two rooms of the club were filled with ladies and gentlemen as early as nine o'clock. The committee in charge—Messrs. Lesser, Marks and Peters—saw that everybody was courteously received and welcomed. There were deaf-mutes present from several States, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, and even Ohio being represented.

The Whist contest began at nine and ended at eleven. There were sixteen tables of players and a like number of people spent the time in conversation. From eleven till close to midnight dancing was indulged in, and all went merry as a marriage bell.

The prize winners were: First prizes—Mrs. Simon Hirsch, a sketch by Bud Fisher, the caricaturist of the Mutt and Jeff pictures; Mr. S. Buttenheim, two steins.

Second prizes—Mrs. Felix A. Simonson, a perpetual calendar; Mr. Mendel Rosenberg, a collar box.

Third prizes—Miss Rose Racien, a letter box; Mr. James O. Fitzgerald, a pocket knife.

Fourth prizes—Miss Nettie Miller, a small picture; Mr. Christian E. Vernon, a motto board.

During the evening, sandwiches and claret punch was served *ad libitum*.

At precisely twelve midnight, President Kenner wished all a Happy New Year, and was greeted by clanging of bells, blowing of trumpets and the noisy rattles, and all got busy greeting one another and wishing all the good things for 1911.

Some of the out-of-town guests present were:—Mrs. S. D. Weil, Buffalo; Miss Ethelburga Zell, Columbus, O.; John A. Roach and Alex. S. McGhee, Philadelphia; Joseph Kenyon, Syracuse, N. Y.; Mr. Sweeney, Bridgeport, Ct.; Miss Elna Bennett, Haverstraw, N. Y.

The engagement of Miss Bennett to Mr. Osmond Loew was announced at this affair and caused a great hubbub of congratulations and felicitations.

The Hollywood Fraternity and its guests to the number of forty hailed the New Year at ye Tavern yelet Casey's in ye town of Youkers, which lies to the north of Manhattan some eight miles as the crow flies. The chairman called it a "Convivium," and mingled with his hog latin the English of Sponser's day on the cover of the Menu Card with the conventional bells and holly as decorations. It was a convivium all right. When they tackled the menu it looked as if Casey had them floored, or else had miscalculated and ordered a dinner for a hundred. Still the boys made a brave effort, and stimulated by the right amount of oratory from Messrs. Jones, Stern and Campbell, managed to eat their way through three-fifths of the good things, and drink the rest. Mr. Jones declaimed "The Passing of the Year," as the bells of Youkers clashed out on the stroke of twelve. Then the New Year was welcome in a befitting manner. There were recitations: "Casey at the Bat," by Mr. Jones; "A Fishing Trip," by Messrs. Jones and Campbell; Mr. Fetscher sang a ballad for the benefit of the people in Youkers, and Campbell's fingers were hoarse from declaiming "Auld Lang Syne." It was highly successful as a Convivium and had a brave array of edibles with assorted fluids to wash them down.

This is not strictly New York news, but a social function participated in by so many New Yorkers and so very near to the skyscrapers of Manhattan can with propriety find a place in the Greater New York column.

In response to an invitation from Miss Annabelle Kent, to meet her guest, Miss Ethelburga Zell, of Columbus, O., over a score of deaf gentlemen and ladies invaded the Kent mansion in East Orange, N. J., on Friday evening, December 30th.

Mrs. Kent, Miss Kent and Miss Johns assisted in receiving, and all were pleased to meet and greet the charming and vivacious Miss Zell.

The evening was spent most entertainingly in games and social converse, with two specialties in the line of individual performance, the first being a parody on "Yankee Doodle," by Dr. Fox, which caused lots of laughter, and the second being a demonstration of magic in which Mr. Hodgson caused a lead pencil to rise and fall from the mouth of a vase repeatedly at the word of command.

The games included a blindfold effort at pinning a square on the calendar; drawing an illustration of a written motto; and matching a head and hat to a painted figure.

Refreshments of escalloped oysters, sandwiches, ice cream, coffee and bon bons, terminated a very pleasant evening.

Those present whom we recall, besides Mrs. Kent, her daughter Miss Annabelle, the latter's brother and wife and pretty little daughter, were: Miss Zell, Rev. Dr. Chamberlain, Mr. and Mrs. Heyman and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Kees, Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. McMann, Dr. and Mrs. Fox, Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Pfeiffer, Mrs. H. J. Haight, Miss Minnie Pancoast, Miss Johns, Miss Louise Turner, Mr. Samuel Frankenheim, Mr. Francis W. Nuboor, Mr. Ormond E. Lewis, Mr. James O. Fitz Gerald, Mr. Edwin A. Hodgson.

On December 25th and 26th, Mr. and Mrs. George Braun invited their relatives and friends to attend the first anniversary birthday party in honor of Master George Byron Braun, at their home in Brooklyn, N. Y. The first day was for hearing relatives. They were great-grandfathers, uncles, aunts, sisters, brothers, nephews, niece and cousins; and the second day was for deaf friends. Refreshments and supper were served. There were useful and pretty presents. The deaf friends present were: Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Moeslein, Mr. and Mrs. Egbert Kaufmann, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Elkin and sons, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lange, Mr. and Mrs. John McCarthy, Mr. Wm. W. Thomas, Mrs. Louis Herrmann and son, Mrs. Thomas Grady and daughter, Misses Katie Ehrlich, Mary Morris, Rosie Wartenberg, Messrs. David Ouerin and Henry Weidman. All had an enjoyable time around a Christmas tree. Mr. Archie McLaren and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Liebsohn did not attend, but sent telegrams of congratulation and a Merry Christmas.

Mrs. Freda Siegel is very happy these days as her mother, Mrs. Leah Pollock, is staying with her for two weeks. She came here from Philadelphia with her other daughter—that ever cheerful Miss Sadie Pollock, who never saw so bewildering a city as New York. Both were shown the sights of wonderful New York which dazzled Sadie, who was amazed at the skyscrapers, etc. Before returning to their home in Quakertown, they

will attend the Entertainment and Ball of the Hollywood Fraternity.

Have you got it in your memory tank that the Hollywood Reception and Entertainment comes off on this Saturday, January 7th. It's bound to be a bang up affair. These young fellows always give you a rare good time, and everybody else in mude-ton. The entertainment will be A 1 in every particular, and afterward plenty of time to trip the "light fantastic" till the wee sma hours.

The German-American Society of Deaf-Mutes, of New York, celebrated the "Sylvester," at the Hotel Luchow. Hon. Pres. Lippens and Vice-President Donus and many others made speeches till midnight. When the clock struck twelve, a big bowl of punch was served, and all congratulated each other, and welcomed the New Year. They sadly regretted the absence of President S. Nibler.

Miss Mamie B. Sharp, of Marshall, Texas, and Mr. Homer E. Grace, of Hutchinson, Kansas, visited the Union League rooms on the December 31st, but could not stay for watch night on account of previous engagements. They took advantage of their Christmas vacation away from Gallaudet College.

Masks may be worn at the Brooklyn "Frats" ball on February 4th. It was so intended from the start, although the tickets and advertisement in the JOURNAL did not so state. The event is only a few weeks off, so get ready your pretty costumes or funny ones and hide your identity if you wish.

The Crescent Engraving Company—which is our genial and enterprising friend, Mr. E. Souweine—has issued a neat calendar for 1911, handy and picturesque for the desk. Besides the company's business card and the monthly calendar, it has a half-tone picture of a lady and a lamb that are emblematic of love and innocence.

Robert M. Fischel, of New Rochelle, N. Y., spent a few days at Lakewood, N. J., during the Christmas holidays. He visited George Gould's estate and some other interesting places there.

On January 21st, the Hebrew Congregation will give a "package party" at Temple Beth Israel Bikur Cholim. Bring packages or a charge of ten cents will be made at the door.

The Value of a Trade

I remember, some years ago when I was a young man, meeting John Roach, the great shipbuilder, in his shipyard at Chester, Pa. I remember, too, what he said about the value of a trade to the boy. "Young man," he said, laying his great broad hand on my shoulder and looking at me with his keen steel blue Irish eyes, "next to a clear conscience a trade is as good a thing as a man can have in this country. You carry it with you all your life long, you have to pay neither rent nor taxes upon it and it helps you around a sharp corner when most other things will fail."

I have never forgotten that utterance from a man who started in life—after landing in New York from Ireland—a helper to a machinist, who became the leading ship-builder of his time and who up to the hour when he was stricken with a fatal illness could take the place of any of his workmen, whether it was a man driving rivets or an expert putting together the most delicate part of a steamship's machinery. Something very like what John Roach said I heard another great man say. This was Peter Cooper, a man whom American boys can not too much admire. "If I had my way," said the venerable philanthropist on the occasion to which I refer, "I would give everybody a trade. Then I would have him stick to it, love it and be good to it. If he does it will do him good."—*Weekly Bouguer*.

Shooting Sharks With Water

When he is working in other sea-monsters likely to do him harm, the diver has at present to rely for his safety on the use of the knife, or, failing, that on a quick return to the surface. Now comes the invention of Captain Grobl, a German diving instructor, who constructed a rifle which can be fired under water, and is designed for the better arming of the diver. The most remarkable thing about this is that it fires, not bullets, but water, which is propelled with such force that it has an extraordinary power of penetration. Indeed, the inventor himself has pierced armor plate of medium thickness with the water jet from his weapon. The rifle has a stout barrel and is loaded with a cartridge case in india rubber. It is worth recalling, perhaps, that experiments were made in the sixties with a submarine rifle firing small explosive projectiles by means of compressed air, but the invention never got beyond the experimental stage and no details of it are to be had.—*Illustrated London News*.

OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 998 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

Dec. 30, 1910.—The pupils at the school kept from going home were given a Christmas tree in B Centre, Saturday evening. The tree was nicely festooned and lighted with colored candles. Dr. Patterson made a few remarks on the observance of Christmas, and then each of the pupils was given a present—the boys neckties and the girls dolls. A few were remembered by their teachers with some little token. Each was also given a box of candy and an orange. Monday they enjoyed a good Christmas dinner and during the week on several occasions were taken to moving picture shows.

The baseball field by the rain Friday was covered with water and the freeze Saturday night left it in a very good condition for skating and sliding over it. The thaw, however, Wednesday put an end to the amusement it afforded.

At the Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf happiness reigned supreme Christmas night. For there was a gaily bedecked tree and each inmate was the recipient thereof of several presents. Most of the gifts were from Societies and persons directly interested in the institution, forty-two dollars being contributed for the purpose. The Columbus Ladies' Aid Society spent fifteen dollars for fruits and candies. The Columbus Advance Society fifteen dollars for shawls and woolen gloves. The Cleveland Ladies' Aid Society sent down five dollars for presents. Clonian Society, Boys Literary Society, Perry Club, the Y. P. S. C. E. Junior Society and Mrs. Spence contributed the balance of the forty-two dollars. The Feseneck sisters, of Cincinnati, sent white material for an apron for each of the old ladies, and for the men each a handkerchief. The Cincinnati Charity Circle presented Mrs. Martin Turner two skirts, a dress and two aprons, and Mr. Turner with a sweater. Mr. and Mrs. P. S. Stevenson, of Findlay, sent on six white handkerchiefs, a woolen skirt, pair men's shoes, pair ladies' slippers, and two pairs of suspenders. On Sunday two large turkeys and six chickens, and other good things made up a dinner fit for a king, what is more, nearly every article was a product of the home farm. Mr. and Mrs. George Clum in the afternoon conducted the service. Mr. A. H. Schory took up the Advance Society's presents Saturday, while Mrs. Wm. Mayer and Miss Bessie Edgar with the assistance of Frank Neal brought up those of the Ladies' Aid Society. The assembly and dining rooms were nicely decorated with colored paper fringes.

Two freescape stairways, one on the north and the other on the south side of the main building of the Home, are being placed in position. The cold weather of last week kept the workmen from completing the job. The State Inspector of Workshops and Factories had ordered the improvement made. The printing establishment of Waring and Long, of Grinnell, Iowa, turned out the Grinnell Booster made up of holiday "ads" and literature, the former furnished by the business men of the town. It kept the two boys busy for a couple of weeks, and we trust also augmented their treasury account.

The Columbus News had the following dispatch from Cleveland the other day:

"The depth of mother-love was sounded when a woman, who is deaf and dumb, begged in the sign language for her little child. The woman was Mrs. Kate Schmidt, who appealed to Judge Addams in Juvenile Court yesterday for permission to take home her 9-year-old daughter Anna, who is now in St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum. The Court said she could have the girl if conditions warranted her return. Mrs. Schmidt can talk to no one as she can to her daughter. The sign language is resorted to, their conversation being carried on almost exclusively through motions, one of which often means several sentences, neighbors yesterday told Judge Addams. Since the death of her husband, she had supported her children by doing several family washings each week."

Mr. Grover C. Burcham, of Huntington, W. Va., is spending the holidays with his brother here. By the way a magnet of the first magnitude attracts him here frequently, and very likely there will be an interesting tale to relate some of these days.

Mr. R. P. McGregor left for Pittsburgh Wednesday, and while there will visit Mrs. McGregor's brother and relatives. Saturday evening he gives a reading under the auspices of the Twentieth Century Club. Miss May Greener is also near Pittsburgh, visiting Rev. and Mrs. Walter Hogue, of Unity Station.

Mr. Jacob B. Showalter, Boys' Supervisor spent several days in Dayton as guest of his son, Benjamin, who is a professor in the

Steele High School. He reports the Dayton deaf all doing well.

James Johnson, of Highland County, Ohio, was visiting here this week. Hailing him in the dining room Friday, he remarked that there were very few pupils at school now, there being only forty-nine at the tables. He did not seem to be aware that the other four hundred and one were off on Christmas vacation, and when told replied it was different when the late Dr. G. O. Fay was Superintendent.

A. B. G.

The Iron Mask

Who was the man who wore it? The records of the Bastille prison in Paris shows that on September 18, 1098, a masked prisoner was brought there, who had been kept in custody for a time in two other prisons, says *The Housekeeper* for October. His name was not put on record, and his face was kept concealed by a mask of black velvet made over a steel frame and fastened with a padlock at the back of the head. He was under the care of a special jailer and was not allowed to see or converse with any one else. He died in the Bastille in November 13, and was buried under the name of Marchiali. The identity of this person has been the most perplexing riddle of history ever since that date. No less than seventy books have been written in different languages concerning the mystery of his life, and fourteen different conjectures as to his identity have been given, several of them involving purely mythical individualities. A book written in 1770 claimed to identify him with Count Matiholi, a high official of Man'ua, who had been bribed to uphold French interests, but had chosen to betray them. This theory was widely approved for a century, but in 1873 a French writer identified the Iron Mask with a gentleman of Lorraine, named Marechiel, who had been concerned in a conspiracy to assassinate King Louis, and the similarity of this name to that of the "Iron Mask's" death record, was held to render this theory highly probable. Strange to say, still another theory was put forward in 1891, founded upon the discovery and deciphering of some papers of King Louis, which was that the mysterious prisoner was none other than General du Balond, who had incurred the king's anger by raising the siege of Cuneo without orders.

A Child's Prayers Answered.

The follow touching incident, which drew tears from my eyes, was related to me a short time since by a dear friend who had it from an eyewitness of the same. It occurred in the city of New York on one of the days in February.

A little boy about ten years old was standing before a shoe-shop in Broadway, barefooted, peering through the window, and shivering with cold.

A lady riding up the street in a beautiful carriage, drawn by horses finely caparisoned, observed the little fellow in his forlorn condition, and immediately ordered the driver to draw up and stop in front of the store. The lady, richly dressed, alighted from her carriage, went quickly to the boy, and said:

"My little fellow, why are you looking so earnestly in that window?" "I was asking God to give me a pair of shoes," was the reply. The lady took him by the hand and went into the store, and asked the proprietor if he would allow one of his clerks to go and buy half a dozen pairs of stockings for the boy. He readily assented. She then asked him if he could give her a basin of water and a towel, and he replied: "Certainly," and quickly brought them to her.

She took the little fellow to the back part of the store, and removing her gloves, knelt down, washed those little feet and dried them with the towel.

By this time the young man had returned with the stockings.

Placing a pair upon his feet, she purchased and gave him a pair of shoes, and tying up the remaining pairs of stockings, gave them to him and patting him on the head said: "I hope, my little fellow, that you now feel more comfortable."

As she turned to go, the astonished lad caught her hand, and looking up in her face, with tears in his eyes, answered her question with these words: "Are you God's wife?"—*Register*.

CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF MUTES.

NEW YORK DISTRICT NOTICES.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y. Every Sunday, 3 P.M.
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, Every Sunday, 3 P.M.

The Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf.

Religious services of the Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf, held every Friday evening, at the Temple Emanuel-El, 43d Street and Fifth Avenue.

REV. DR. B. A. ELIAS, Minister.

Southern Diocese.

Rev. O. J. WHILDIN, General Missionary, 1017 Brantly Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

PRINCIPAL MISSION STATIONS.

Baltimore.—Grace Chapel, Park Ave. and Monument St., Mr. Wm. Cooper, Lay-Reader. Services every Sunday, 3:15 P.M.
Washington, D. C.—Trinity Church, Third and C Sts., Mr. H. C. Merrill, Lay-Reader. Services every Sunday, 11 A.M.
Wheeling, W. Va.—St. Elizabeth's Church for the Deaf, Mr. J. C. Bremer, Lay-Reader. Services every Sunday, 3 P.M.
Durham, N. C.—St. Philip's Church, Mr. Roma Fortune, Lay-Reader. Services Sunday, 3 P.M.
Richmond, Va.—St. Andrew's Church, Bible Class Meetings every Sunday, 11 A.M.
New Orleans, La.—St. Paul's Church, Camp and Galine Streets, Mr. H. L. Tracy, Lay-Reader. Services monthly.

The General Missionary visits the above and numerous other stations in Maryland, West Virginia and in the South upon such occasions as are appointed and locally made known. The Missionary will be glad to confer with any one desiring to assist in the work of the Mission.

St. Thomas Mission, St. Louis

Christ Cathedral Chapel, 13 and Locust Sts.

Rev. J. H. CLOUD, Minister 2006 Virginia Ave.
Mr. Arthur O. Steidmann, Lay Reader.

Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.
Sunday School at 10 A.M.

Week-day meetings at 8 P.M., on first and third Fridays and fourth Wednesday, in the Parish House.

On the evening of Monday, December 12th, the Rev. Austin W. Mann was at All Souls' Mission for Deaf-Mutes, Louisville. The service was held in the chapel of Christ Church Cathedral. Among those in attendance was a lady who had been taught by the method which employ speech and reading the lips. She has found it impossible to read a sermon, or lecture from rapidly moving lips, and has decided to familiarize herself with the signs of the hand, which are plainer to the eye than the signs of the lips. Her experience is like that of all deaf persons taught by the oral method.—*Southern Churchman*, Dec. 24, 1910.

Alcohol is one of the principal causes of insanity.

The Telegraphers' Union has a wireless branch.

The hand-written letter is a rarity in the business world of the present.

An oyster is not fit to be eaten until four years old.

Scavenging and street cleaning of London costs more than \$3,500,000 per year.

The English law prevents the shooting of game on Christmas Day or Sundays.

Several titled folk of England have taken up running as a fad.

The department of Agriculture has declared war on the mistletoe as destructive to tree growth.

Some people seem to think that he who laughs loudest laughs best.

Not all gushing letters are written with fountain pens.

Words are the making of wise men and the unmaking of fools.

The Gallaudet Memorial.

It is proposed to create a memorial to the late Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., by the erection of a Parish Building for St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes. The present Church is situated on 148th Street, just west of Amsterdam Avenue, and is built some twenty-five feet back from the line of the street to permit the erection of such a building as above indicated, which will form a facade to the church edifice and be a center of religious and social life amongst the silent peoples. Dr. Gallaudet hoped during his lifetime to see the erection of this building, which would have completed the church with which his name has always been associated. This was not permitted, and it is suggested as a most fitting memorial to him that this work be now undertaken. St. Ann's Church is used wholly for the deaf mutes.

The new building will occupy a plot of ground about forty-five feet along the street front and twenty-five feet in depth. It will be three stories in height, with a basement, and will be used for the social, religious and industrial needs of the deaf-mutes of New York. The amount required for "The Gallaudet Memorial Parish Building" will be about \$30,000, and the building itself, in its position and purpose, will form a conspicuous monument to him whose life was devoted to the silent peoples. They themselves heartily endorse the memorial.

Subscriptions may be sent to the

MR. OGDEN D. BUDD, 68 Board Street, New York, N. Y.

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